Reviews ● Picture frenzy ● Football madness ● The view from the stage

SELECT
MAGAZINE

GLASTONBURY 98

The Lake District
The muddiest places on site

Story of the poos
The festival's four day saga

Chat of the land
Backstage with Radiohead, Tony Bennett, Lightning Seeds, Ian Brown and loads more

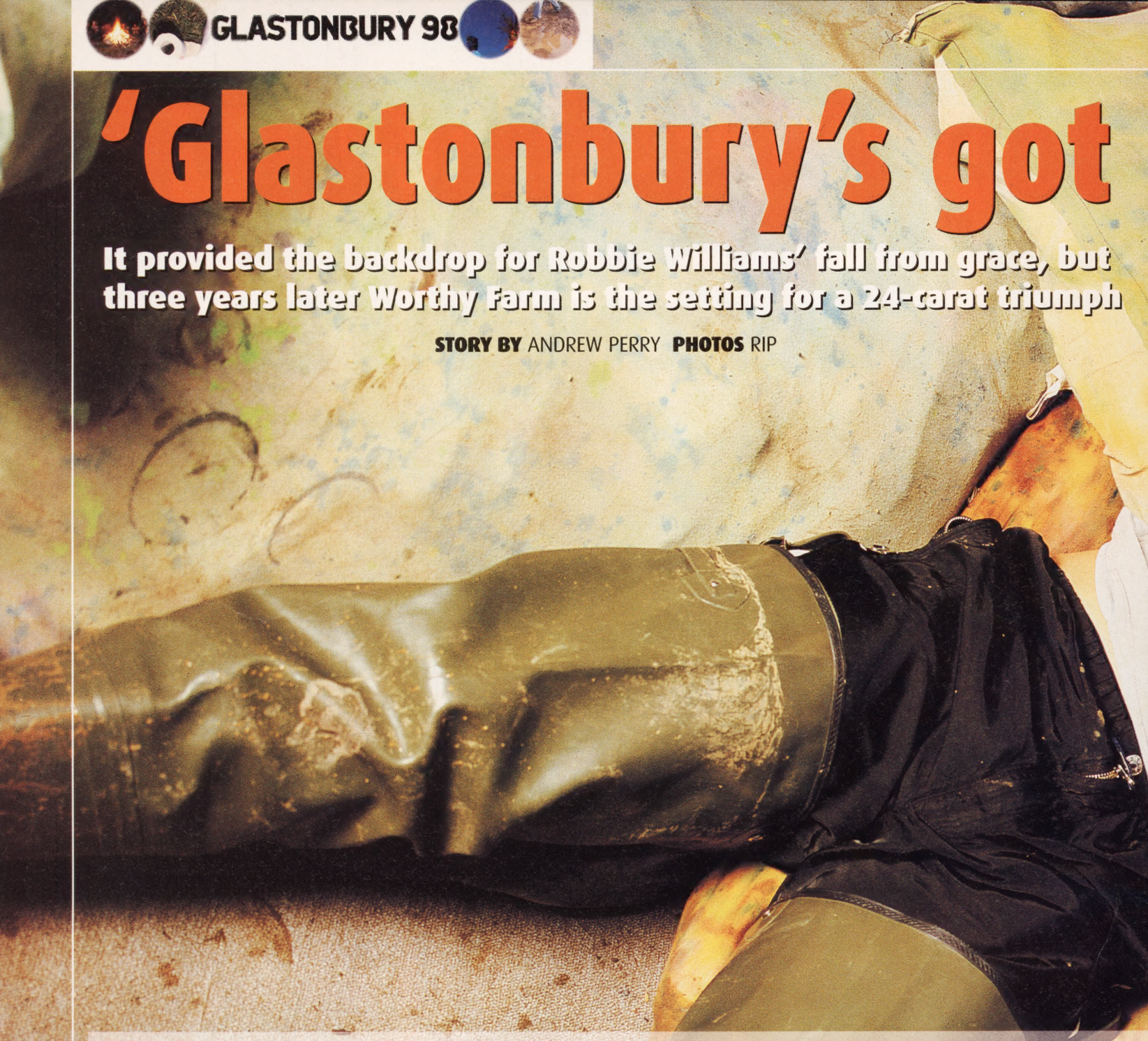
ROBBIE'S COMING HOME!

Lost and found: the return of Glastonbury's prodigal son

'Glastonbury's got

It provided the backdrop for Robbie Williams' fall from grace, but three years later Worthy Farm is the setting for a 24-carat triumph

STORY BY ANDREW PERRY **PHOTOS** RIP



Robbie Williams' tour manager holds up a large pair of thigh-length waders. "Whose are these?" he wonders aloud. A familiar voice, halfway between Brian Clough and Neil Tennant, chirrups all too hastily from the back of the bus. "Oh fuck," it goes, absent-mindedly, "they're mine."

"Why, what size are you?"

"Whatever size they are, *that's* my size."

Having just crawled through two hours' worth of traffic tailback, Lord Williams of Port Vale is far from the happy bunny you'd expect after his career's astonishing upsurge. Ten months in the racks and his 'Life Thru A Lens' album is still wiggling its arse around in the Top Ten. His debut solo shows have been celebrated widely, and often quite tearfully, as the best you'll ever see. The cheeky bleeder even got out to France to wax Hansen-esque at half time with Des Lynam.

Glastonbury was all set to be another meaningful milestone along this road to triumph, but then British Summertime did its funky thing.

"We get here," Robbie grimaces, his short hair immaculately steepled to the centre, "and there's people coming up, off their heads, just going like that on the car window with mud *[splatters imaginary glob on table].* It's like *[through gritted teeth]* 'Please fucking *don't* do that'. *[Pause]* So I'm a bit stressed at the minute."

Another stress factor must also be that Glastonbury and Robbie have something of a history.

"Last time I came here," he recalls, "I arrived with ten bottles of champagne in the back of a Jag, and just got hideously pissed and then went back and got the sack, so fuck knows what's going to happen in the next two hours. It's got a lot to answer for, Glastonbury."

Indeed, Glastonbury '95 was the start of solo Robbie, the gurning, land-on-his-feet good-vibesmaster who might have fallen from grace monkeying around on the same stage as Liam Gallagher, but wound up back at the top of the pop star pile with everything a man could desire.

In the front lounge of his none-more-luxurious tour bus sits Robbie's fiancée, Nicole from All Saints, cuddling a baby girl (not theirs), and when he finally settles down out the back he's everything you'd hope for – charming, earnest, hyperactive and never to be caught saying anything that isn't funny.

"I'm actually going to be sending out Robbie dealers 40 minutes before I come on," he beams mischievously. "There's about 20 of them going out into the crowd just giving out Es to make sure that I am enjoyed sufficiently."

It's this heady mix of insecurity, unquenchable narcissism and a more than adequate drug past that have made the prospect of Robbie doing 'Angels' at Glastonbury '98 one of the weekend's most feverishly anticipated highlights. And it's making him extremely anxious.

"I'm also scared," he reasons, "because I'm going on to do a show tonight where it's full of people I term grown-ups. The change I've seen in the audience has been phenomenal. They've got pubes now, and they're turning into blokes, too. That's what I wanted, and that's what I'm getting. Today is like when England played Romania, their first big test. And, y'know, they lost.

SELECT
'cos the DRUGS don't WORK.

a lot to answer for'

Wade out West: Robbie comes to Glastonbury tooled up for the mud

Could it be magic?: saluting possibly the largest audience to ever gather in front of a Glastonbury stage

The Forsyth saga: Robbie completes the Glastonbury circle from sidekick to main attraction

Actually, perhaps this is like the Argentina game – I've qualified, now it's into the knock-out stages of the tournament *[slips into passable Alan Hansen voice]*, and that's where it all starts for me by the way." He smirks. "Still, I'm sure the tongue and the arse will both be making a showing. The full arse..."

Festival security will later speculate that the crowd Robbie stepped out to was the biggest they've ever seen at the Pyramid Stage. "Hello, I'm Robbie Williams," he announces after the riotous opening fanfare of 'Let Me Entertain You'. "You'll be Glastonbury and I'm SHITTING MYSELF."

His pants should really have remained unsoiled. He's onto a winner from the kick-off because, right now, *everyone* loves Robbie. His show takes Oasis' absurd, brilliant populism to whole new levels of absurdity and brilliance. He covers one of the most cherished non-hits of all time, 'There She Goes', on the spurious grounds that his drummer was in The La's for a bit. And he milks his lineage from Take That as often as possible, including his half-comedy, half-heavy metal mockery of 'Back For Good'.

All of which you could call cheap were it not for the character at the heart of it all, an entertainer whom no amount of booze, narcotics, litigation and vindictiveness could snuff out. His every move and quip raises a smile, ten-strong circles of men hug each other knee-deep in mud, and can it really be any coincidence that when he comes to do 'Angels', augmented by truly heartwarming crowd participation, the sky has half cleared and Glastonbury gets its first taste of sunshine in 48 hours?

Never spotted the dealers, mind...

RIP

STORY: CAITLIN MORAN PICTURES: ED SIRRS

We're in deep shit

The rivers, lakes and major tributaries of Glastonbury '98

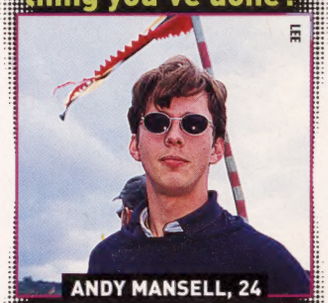
We all know where Good Thai Dins, the freaky stilted robot-people and the Pyramid Stage can be found – these Glastonbury regulars loom in the same familiar corners every year like old friends. But a new topography formed around the usual landmarks this year: a woodchip laden sea around the Jazz Stage, the ankle-snapping quick-mud around the Circus Tent, and the fearsome tidal washes in the Pennard Hill Ground.

Like Livingstone in the jungles of Africa, *Select* set out to map this depraved New World to settle those tent-bound arguments once and for all: which area of this rural circle of Hell really contained the deepest puddle in Glastonbury?

Near the Workers' Beer Company Tent, Whitlake Bridge
How deep: Three *Select* inches – but the width of it!
Our glamorous assistant: Pete. "I've lost all my mates."
Distinguishing characteristics: A real boot-clinger. The sheer size of this new brown Atlantic ensures exhaustion before one is even half-way across. Punters desperate to escape Hothouse Flowers rest on islands of upturned bins halfway across.

Vegetarian Curry Shop, across from the Jazz Stage
How deep: Seven *Select* inches
Our glamorous assistant: Hiran. A disarmingly happy camper.
Distinguishing characteristics: The first of many hopeless attempts at the Christ-like conversion of liquid into walkable surfaces noted here: random planking chucked into the stew. The effect is rather like surfing on the broken slats of a cheap bunkbed. Those with narrow feet prospered fairly well.

What's the best thing you've done?



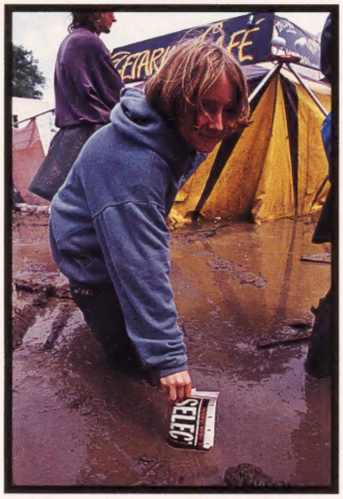
ANDY MANSELL, 24

"Seeing The Chemical Brothers on Friday night. Being in the Dance Tent gave it an amazing atmosphere."

Near Michael Eavis' Greenpeace Tank, by the Pyramid Stage
How deep: Six *Select* inches
Our glamorous assistant: "I have no name for the duration of this weekend."
Distinguishing characteristics: Disturbingly oleaginous. The fat, satisfied ripples that issue in advance of the exploratory gumboot ooze in slow-motion – rather like, one would imagine, the flopping vibrations one might cause if spanking Tiny from Ultrasound with a ping-pong bat.

Central Market, opposite Good Thai Dins
How deep: A glorious ten *Select* inches
Our glamorous assistant: Dave. Dave's eyes reveal he comes from Mars.
Distinguishing characteristics: Mullet-layered evil – the watery surface ebbs into boots at the slightest provocation (ie walking), whilst the bottom layer seizes the boot for an inevitable drunken-toppling scenario. Notice the stall-holder marooned in the centre who looks close to weeping.

now



Nut's Cafe – yet another part of the Jazz World lagoon
How deep: Eight *Select* inches
Our glamorous assistant: Redd
Distinguishing characteristics: Post-apocalyptic debris triggers invention of new Glastonbury game – guess what the brown object is. A Coke can! A gazelle! A one pint carton of soya milk! And surely, quite soon, Redd! "It's fun to have mud," he says, heedless of the fact that the slime is about to breach the tops of his boots.

In front of the Jazz Stage (This is surely God's way of casting judgement on goatee-bearded men endlessly running up and down the scales until 11 in the morning.)
How deep: Seven *Select* inches
Our glamorous assistants: Two small children who are too scared of *Select* to give their names
Distinguishing characteristics: Another attempt to turn mud to tarmac fails miserably here: tons of wood chip has been laid down. Unfortunately, *Select* can reveal that woodchip plus mud equals the very early stages of papier mache. Handicrafts fans are overjoyed. Those who humbly wish to get from A to B despair.

Japanese Noodle Bar, opposite the increasingly notorious Jazz Stage
How deep: Eight *Select* inches
Our glamorous assistants: Julia, Sheela, Louise. Louise has just lost her bindi under the oomska.
Distinguishing characteristics: The most poo-like lake *Select* encountered – it really looks like it flowed straight out of Meatloaf's arse. The stray ribbon of virgin-white loo roll only adds to the creeping inducement of heebie-jeebie wibbliness.

Pennard Hill Ground camping area
How deep: Six *Select* inches
Glamorous assistant: *Select* hack
Distinguishing characteristics: The most catastrophic of all Glastonbury's wells. Tents have waves breaking across their sleeping-bags. Gas stoves, bags of clothes, towels and tins of 'Where's The Meat?' spag-bol have been abandoned to the rising tides. The ground has absorbed much sorrow but not, unfortunately, much rain.

What's the best thing you've done?

JULIET PRITCHARD, 17

"Seeing the Foo Fighters. Dave Grohl got hit with a football and he said 'What do you expect? Americans are crap at football!'"

Backstage beer tent
How deep: Five *Select* inches
Our glamorous assistant: Tiny from Ultrasound
Distinguishing characteristics: Strewn with the shoes and bodies of celebrities: the Chemical Brothers and Kenickie have both lost cherished shoes in this very spot. "These are new trousers", Tiny assures us. "Yesterday's are solid now. I will need to use a hammer to break them into flexibility again." Proof that the stars suffered just as much as the rest of us.

The infamous Yeoman's Bridge
How deep: Six *Select* inches with a killer twist
Our glamorous assistants: Scott, Ceba and Richard
Distinguishing characteristics: Another failed attempt at enabling Glastonbury's refugees to walk on water makes its deadly mark here: straw. Straw does actually absorb water quite well – to a certain point. Giving the appearance of solidity, this straw stew tempts the punter to stomp across its breadth – alas, after a nanosecond of support the straw gives way, twisting the body 180 degrees and breaking half the bones in one's foot. The straw then clamps around the ankle like the jaws of death, leaving one stranded next to a fragrantly ruptured bin, and breaking the remaining bones as one tries to escape from its merciless grip.

Carlsberg Export

The boggy revival

The complete, splurge-by-splurge story of the festival that was set to be a truly tropical treat. Until Thursday...

WEDNESDAY

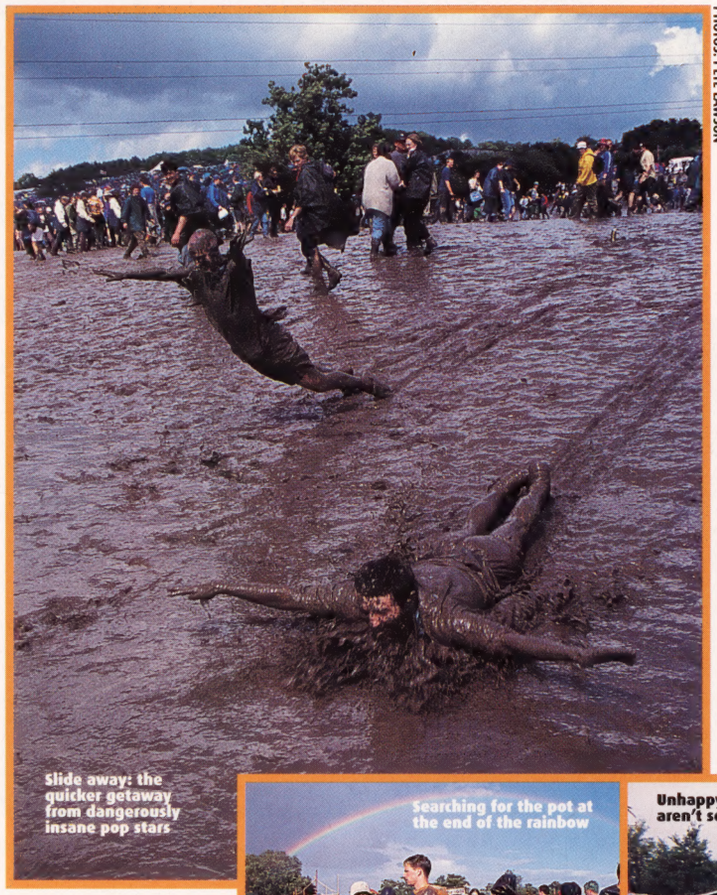
1am: In the absence of truly awful conditions, nocturnal festival life initially goes on as normal. Bongo players sit in the centre of the stone circle, and nearby a woman is dragging an ingenious optic-on-wheels contraption, thereby enabling her to sell tequila slammers for £1.50 a go. Her creativity, unfortunately, does not extend to glass washing.
2.20am: *Select*'s first hearing of the festival's initial **Ian Brown** rumour – that for the past week he's been living rough in a bivouac just outside Shepton Mallet, existing on a survivalist diet of berries, wild fungi and spit-roasted grey squirrels. To maintain one link with his normal lifestyle, he is said to be sticking to his habit of never washing.
3.45am: As with last year, the **Joe Strummer** Campfire Scene is soon in full swing. **Damien Hirst** and **Keith Allen** join the mighty former Clash frontman round a blazing logfire to the left of The Other Stage. Talk soon turns to England's impending match with Colombia and who invented the Jaffa Cake.

THURSDAY

10am: Early arrivals begin frenziedly quizzing officials about the perennial rumour that **Neil Young** will be appearing. Once again, he isn't.
5.05pm: Michael Eavis phones *Select*'s portakabin and offers an unnervingly precise weather forecast. "Tomorrow," he says, "it's going to start raining at 5am. It'll do that until 10, and then things will start to brighten up."
9pm: As storm clouds gather, a loonie in an orange jumpsuit clears a landing pad for an imaginary helicopter. "No," he tells a couple of kids who are wondering what he's doing with his semaphore bats, "I'm not playing fucking table tennis."

FRIDAY

5am: As Michael Eavis predicted, it starts to rain.
10am: But it doesn't stop.
3pm: With queues spiralling for several hundred yards, the NatWest cashpoint finally gives up the ghost. "Shit," spits one disgusted onlooker, "I'll have to go back to begging."
4.05pm: Bez is arrested: apparently biting off half an E and handing the rest to a friend is deemed to be in possession with intent to supply. Although released without charge, he is told he must not return to the site.
7.20pm: Lightning Seeds play 'Three Lions' and the hardest rain ever hammers down on the huge pre-match crowd.
8pm: Kick-off **England v Colombia**.
8.20pm: Darren Anderton rifles home first goal.
8.29pm: In an unprecedented festival gesture, **Embrace** announce that no photographers will be allowed to take pictures of their headline performance on the Other Stage.
8.30pm: David Beckham's free kick.
9pm: Ian Brown's tour bus sits close to Gate 1. Already those nearby are commenting upon the dreadful smell of stale sweat emanating from its windows. "No surprise," comments someone in the know. "Brownie stinks something awful."
9.10pm: Primal Scream arrive backstage. By his own admission, Mani feels nothing other than "knackered". Nearby, Embrace's management are trying to enforce a complete ban on photography of their charges.



PHOTOS: PETE LAWSON

Slide away: the quicker getaway from dangerously insane pop stars

Searching for the pot at the end of the rainbow

Unhappy Fridays: E's aren't so good for Bez

12.10am: The Primals play 'Movin' On Up'. Optimistic lyrics ("*Out of the darkness*" etc) lift spirits, but rain still falls.
2.45am: Finley Quaye is spotted standing on a bridge in a utterly unpopulated area while gesticulating wildly and excitedly talking to himself.
4.35am: *Select* finds the **Travelling Games Emporium** in the Green Futures Field. It features luminous table tennis, giant ultra-violet backgammon and The Young Lady Who Insists On Showing You Her Breasts In An Empowering Manner. "It's my duty as a woman," she explains, thus catering to both fans of unsolicited bodily thrills and connoisseurs of well-measured irony.

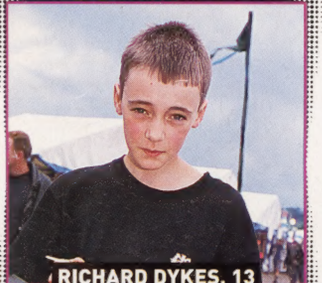
SATURDAY

10am: It's announced that the dance tent won't be starting till 4pm. An effort to pump out a huge lake of flood water with a sewage tanker has resulted in a huge pile of human effluent being projected *into* the tent instead. **DJ Freddy Fresh's** set may not take place.
12pm: Puzzled stall-holders discover breakfast takings at an all-time low.
2.05pm: Festival Lost Property officials are handed a glass eye that someone has discovered in the mud. Its owner is obviously having too much of a fabulous time to notice its absence.
6.03pm: Following 15 minutes of simultaneous rain and grudging sunshine, a rainbow arcs over the site.
6.15pm: An utterly unfounded rumour of a "severe weather warning" spills from the site onto Radio 1 promising anything from tornadoes to tidal waves and bubonic plague. It proves to be cobblers.
8.03pm: Bez reappears on site.
12.03am: Blur's rendition of their meteorological-themed masterpiece, 'This Is A Low', scales new heights in poignancy.

SUNDAY

9am: An old lady peers enquiringly at a sausage roll that's been dropped in the mud then abandoned. "Oh look," she concludes in all seriousness. "It's a chocolate-covered sausage roll."
9.35am: A crusty is spotted talking into a mobile phone while attempting to use the NatWest on-site cash machine and drinking a can of Coca-Cola. He is wearing an official National Lottery T-shirt, to which he has added his own pithy slogan: "The Lottery – raping your wallet!"
2.35pm: Bentley Rhythm Ace's Richard March is heard deciding it's time to call a halt to the previous night's revelry. He is due on The Other Stage in four hours.
4pm: Tony Bennett appears on stage telling us we're beautiful and singing 'Somewhere Over The Rainbow'. And some song about his passion for "*a well-toned baby grand*".
6.05pm: Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds arrive on site, all clad in immaculately tailored suits and brand new wellies.
8.45pm: Up in the Healing Field an aged Catweazle-like bloke is seen lying in the mud wearing nothing but a thong, singing 1930s music-hall favourite 'If You Haven't Got A Girl A Big Blood Orange Will Do'.
10.30pm: Los Mescaleros, the raggle-taggle DJ-ing troupe led by Joe Strummer and Bez, turn in a compelling half-hour set at the Other Stage. The cops are apparently fuming. Tee hee.
11.15pm: Once again **Pulp** bring a vibes transfusion to Glastonbury. The field erupts to a brutalist cheer-leader rendition of 'Party Hard'. And that, frankly, is that.

What's the best thing you've done?



RICHARD DYKES, 13

"Hanging around in the Circus Field. I'm really into juggling. It was brilliant seeing the trapeze artists and tightrope walkers."

...And a bucket of portaloo

How England v Colombia became *the* non-musical event of Glastonbury '98

If football came home at Glastonbury, a turn of the front-door key revealed a flooded cellar and the cat drowning in the airing cupboard. As a huge crowd filed up toward the specially installed giant screen for England's Friday night match with Colombia, the rainfall seemed to hit a depressing, bone-drenching maximum.

This match was always going to be a pivotal event – for both England lovers and haters. Fittingly, arch Jocks Primal Scream had vowed to start their Friday-night slot wearing Colombia shirts if the South Americans won. If Bobby Gillespie wasn't able to relish this dream result while slurring his way through 'Stuka', it seemed the Primals' rumoured weather hex hit the mark.

This was the English summer at its most skin-soakingly perverse. Under these circumstances, an England defeat would have had devastating effect on lingering festival optimism.

Thankfully, over in Lens, such an eventuality soon began to look remote. After 20 minutes, Anderton steered in that right-footed shot. On the half hour, David Beckham fired in his superb free kick. The forest of ecstatically lofted arms showed that, momentarily at least, the deluge was forgotten.

At least you can guarantee Del Amitri won't be popping by

MICK HUTSON

Prior to kick-off, the football-rock interface had echoed across the field. First the BBC build-up coverage had teamed The Verve's 'Lucky Man' with England's best moments from their matches against Tunisia and Romania. Then the crowd built into a booming collective take on the 'Three Lions' refrain. Then 'Vin-Da-Loo'. Last but not least came the 'Clementine' signature tune from Dario G's 'Carnaval De Paris'. Rousing stuff, but even these chants were dwarfed by the cheer that greeted Anderton's goal.

For the second half, the centre of Glastonbury World Cup action switched to the Pyramid Stage. Even James' Tim Booth could have been under no illusion that the gathered thousands were there waiting for the imminent and specially truncated James set. Across the nation, the population was variously gathered for this match, but the Glastonbury crowd was clearly the biggest in the land.

As the final whistle sounded, the Pyramid Stage DJ cued up 'Vin-Da-Loo' to massed participatory effect. Fat Les' Keith Allen was over watching the game in Lens, but the night before he'd told *Select* how he planned to celebrate any England victory on his return to the festival.

"If England win," he'd revealed, "I'm going to come back to Glastonbury and sing 'Vin-Da-Loo' to everyone there – personally. That will be the ultimate Fat Les gesture."

Little did the Glastonbury massive realise the treat in store – not only an England victory, but also beardy Keith bellowing in their ear about kettles and cheese.

ROY WILKINSON

What's the best thing you've done?

KAYTI PESCHKE, 17

"Wearing a little skirt and seeing my legs sink in the mud up to the hem. It's made my legs all soft, though. Mud is my friend."

Good morning Vietnam

Select's Glastonbury daily newspaper: war reporting at its best. And worst.

When it was announced that *Select* would once again be producing our Glastonbury Daily Newspaper, it seemed to be a pretty pleasant prospect. Summery temperatures, the knowledge that it couldn't possibly be as plagued by mishap as last year... easy, we thought. Like you do.

On Thursday morning, however, our specially-appointed weather consultant – BBC broadcaster Sarah Wilmshurst – was telling us that terrible weather was on its way. The rain began to pitter-patter on the roof of the *Select* portakabin, and we instantly knew what we were in for: hard slog, with a side order of head-rattling trauma. Along with a garnish of mock-heroics, but that hardly made it any better.

PETE LAWSON

ED SIRKS

The paper is produced on-site via an extremely clever mixture of Apple Macintosh computers, digital cameras, impossibly enthusiastic editorial staff and an ISDN line to a Bristol-based printer. Thus, after 15 hours a day of graft, a lorry arrives on site each morning bearing 50,000 papers.

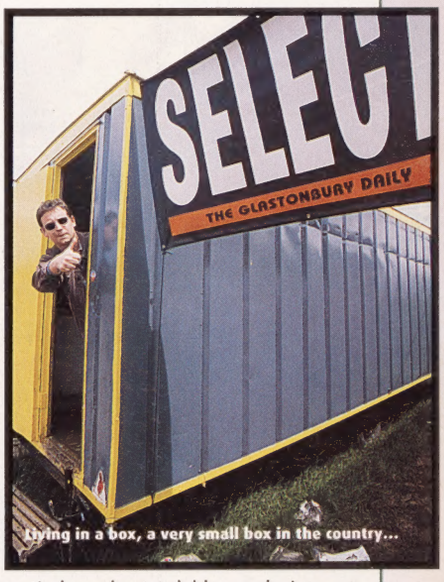
Or that's the plan. Throw in power cuts, simple exhaustion and the difficulty of newsgathering when Worthy Farm resembles a giant bowl of particularly viscous Covent Garden soup, and you have a right old ordeal.

Still, we did it. Friday's edition – this was, don't forget, when the dreadful conditions had yet to kick in – carried the front-page headline 'Mustn't Grumble'. On Saturday, the euphorically-received England victory gave us 'You only sing when you're swimming'. Things finished on Sunday with 'Lightning strikes twice' – and a statement from Michael Eavis that Glastonbury 1999 will definitely go ahead.

By that point, we'd arrived at the entirely understandable conclusion that, for the sake of everyone's sanity, the last paper should be a streamlined eight-page version, retaining the vital bits and dispensing with some of the more frivolous items.

And that, thankfully, was that. On Sunday evening, BBC2 showed a short film about the whole hoo-hah, ending with a plummily-voiced presenter saying the Sunday edition looked "a bit thin" and making a pretty crap joke about using it as loo roll.

Cheers mate. We shall proudly ignore such nonsense and see you all next year. It says here.



GLASTONBURY 98

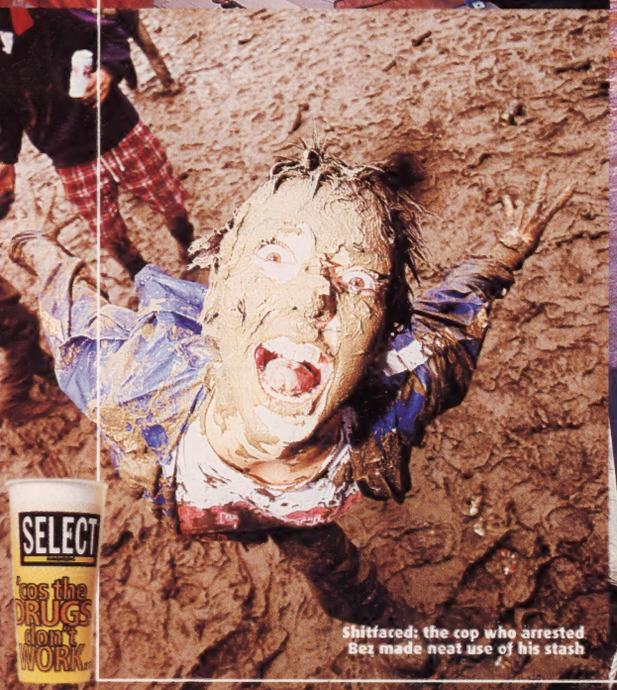
And that, in these conditions, is about as far as you're going to get

We'd be scared, too.

Paul Gascoigne (13th right) buried residual bitterness and got down with the soccer massive

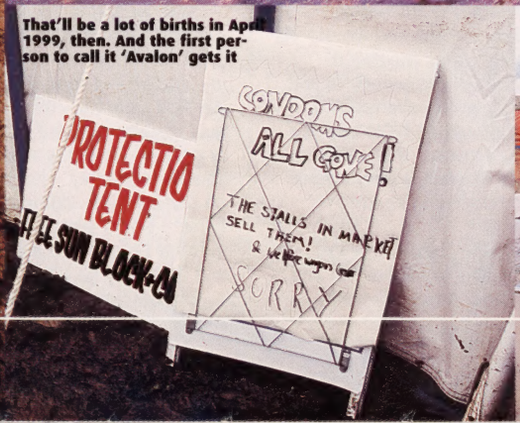
"No, really – you should sign this Bez petition, right, 'cos, like, he's got all my gear"

To the left, to the right, check it out, check it out, it's all shite...



Shitfaced: the cop who arrested Bez made neat use of his stash

That'll be a lot of births in April 1999, then. And the first person to call it 'Avalon' gets it



Christ. First Embrace, now this

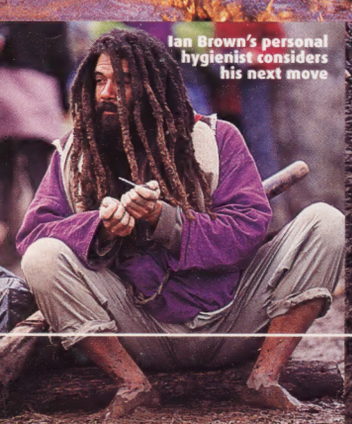
Lager, lager, lager, flouting... the warnings of the dangers of naked flames

Keeping it wheel: one desperate Glastronaut takes his child to the kid heap

The four-legged Mr Blobby appearance was a huge hit

Morning glory: grateful readers get their early share of bad news

The Guardian's photographic team coped manfully with the conditions



Ian Brown's personal hygienist considers his next move

Fancy a rummage down the back of the sofa? Tee hee!

Muck rockin' beats

Bentley Rhythm Ace

Other Stage, Sunday 6.30pm

Big dumb grins break out as BRA deliver one of the most upliftingly silly sets of the weekend. Aided as ever by an absurd stage set replete with their trademark cardboard Bentley motor (windscreen wipers a constantly active extra), their combination of thunderous big beats and assorted sirens and kazoos produces the ungainly sight of people trying to dance in ill-fitting wellington boots. Only crap sound, which makes the bass sound like a Black And Decker power-drill, spoils the effortless boogie buffoonery.
Best Song: 'Bentley's Gonna Sort You Out', obviously.
Best Ad-Lib: "Guitar solo – wooh!"
Best Moment: Mike and Rich's constant encouragement to the crowd through waving and holding their thumbs aloft Macca-style.
Worst Moment: Guitar lead falling out in aforementioned solo.
Overall Score: 8/10 *JM*

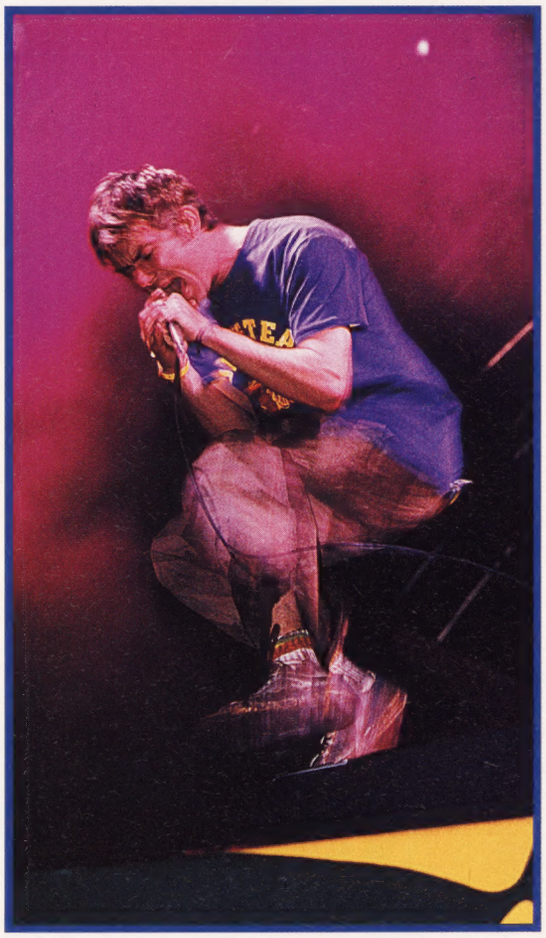
Blur

Pyramid Stage, Saturday 10.30pm

From the opening synth salvos of 'Girls And Boys', it's clear Blur are in crowd-pleasing form. The surly posturing of V97, their last UK festival appearance, have been buried and we're treated to the rare delight of a spectacular band playing its spectacular back catalogue spectacularly.

Everything is exaggerated – 'End Of A Century' becomes more heartwarmingly crumpled, 'Popscene' more deliriously frantic, and a banged-out-to-buggery 'Beetlebum' even more beautifully blasted. The one new song, written for *South Park*, extends the Bristolian inflections of 'Death Of A Party' and repeats the line, *"I lost my girl to The Rolling Stones"* (steady on there, Justine).

Throughout, Damon does his cocksure-but-bruised thing to perfection, Graham's guitar remains the best of reasons to maintain an interest in pop music, while Alex teases us with the bassline from 'Vin-Da-Loo'. They leave the populace feeling something approaching elation.
Best Song: 'This Is A Low', sounding even better than it did here in 1994.
Best Ad-Lib: Damon: "This song is for Judy Finnegan. She kept having to go off the set last week to be sick. I'm worried about her."
Best Moment: When Damon wanders over to Graham and plants an affectionate kiss on his cheek.
Worst Moment: The one non-populist encore – 'Essex Dogs' played in its entirety.
Overall Score: 10/10 *SL*



Ian Brown

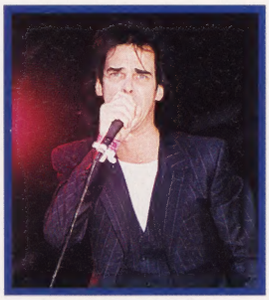
New Bands Tent, Friday 11.15pm

The Brownster comes on carrying a flaming torch, a suitably Old Testament touch for these flooded times. This first major UK gig could have been a catastrophe, but it settles for being simply not that bad. Vocal horrors have been largely seen to, but so have most of the lo-fi edges that made the album compelling. Never mind, the crowd is in raptures and does its monkeyish best to climb up to the tent ceiling.
Best Song: 'My Star'
Best Ad-Lib: "Any Roses requests?" followed by a flood of responses and, of course, no Roses numbers.
Best Moment: After a security man tells the crowd to get down from the rigging so "we can enjoy this fucking great gig", Brownie responds: "Mind your language."
Worst Moment: The 'Corpses' harmonica solo, which remains as gloriously crap as ever.
Overall Score: 7/10 *SL*

Catatonia

Other Stage, Friday 10pm

In the middle of SlurryWorld, Cerys is in bone-tight gold with a sparkly stole and a grin that's reflected in the oomska half a mile away. Wisely shying away from their usual B-side-and-obscurities perversity, Catatonia do singles and favourites only: 'Mulder And Scully', 'You've Got A Lot To Answer For', 'International Velvet' and 'Strange Glue'. Yet another, entirely predictable triumph in their lovely *annus*.
Best Song: 'I Am The Mob'.
Best Ad-Lib: "Pretend you're all on a hill, under the stars, in Sri Lanka," Cerys orders. "You're all drinking... margaritas." Cheers!
Best Moment: Cerys premiering her all-new, platinum-selling dance moves. The new Tina Turner, anyone?
Worst Moment: 'Dead From The Waist Down' – new songs *always* a bad idea in Hell.
Overall Score: 8/10 *CM*



Nick Cave

Pyramid Stage, Sunday 9pm

Unlike Tony Bennett, Nick Cave gives no indication he's sorry about our rainswept lot. Backed by a band of undertakers playing tales of lust and damnation, he strikes a much-needed chord of urgency. His dark vaudevillian flourishes envelop a 'true pro' entertainer who understands suffering – a winning combination on a night like this. Festival-goer empathy was further evidenced by guitarist Mick Harvey's clear grasp of Glastonbury emergency rationing – he made the same cig last for the first three songs.
Best Song: 'Red Right Hand'
Best Ad-Lib: "Oh you're *very* kind."
Best Moment: During 'Do You Love Me', when Nick walked across the stage bent double and tossing his hair like Max Wall.
Worst Moment: A clanging off-key guitar solo on 'Stranger Than Kindness'
Overall Score: 7/10 *IH*

Chemical Brothers

Dance Tent, Friday 11pm

Making the move from Second Stage headliners to the peaktime, pre-shit-sprayed Dance Tent, Ed and Tom ensure that their euphoric DJ set generates an intimacy lacking at last year's open-air extravaganza. Aided by the three inches of mud, every reveller creates their own personal fractal on the trousers of the person behind. A unique, if utterly undesirable, souvenir of the weekend.
Best Song: Song? If only. Nary a voice nor a geetar in sight, and nowt from the Chems' own recorded oeuvre, unfortunately.
Best Ad-Lib: Now you're just being silly.
Best Moment: One of those bits when they break it down and build it up again. Always a winner.
Worst moment: Spotting the state of one's trousers. The tears, the tears...
Overall Score: 8/10 *EM*

Embrace

Other Stage, Friday 11.20pm

Having raised expectations to frankly unreasonable heights, Embrace's headlining spot is inevitably a bit of an anti-climax. The meagre audience make songs such as 'One Big Family' seem like exercises in irony. But this is no Roses-at-Reading-style humiliation either – Danny's touchingly off-key vocals capture the atmosphere of struggling against the odds. Which is Glastonbury '98 all over, really.
Best Song: 'My Weakness Is None Of Your Business'
Best Ad-Lib: "Playing Glastonbury at night in the open air – fookin' hell!"
Best Moment: The Embrace flashing-light logo that looked as if they'd nicked it from a Pontefract bingo hall.
Worst Moment: The audience gruesomely trying to emulate Danny's off-key drone on 'Come Back To What You Know'.
Overall Score: 6/10 *JM*

Deftones

Other Stage, Saturday 8.15pm

It's the first sustained sunshine, so it must be skate-metal frenzy time. As the band kick into their compellingly physical riffing, the mid-teens move as one in headbanging mode. Beavis-style demon handsigns greet singer Chino who throws himself around with Robbie-rivalling energy. A star, even though his keks are perpetually falling down.
Best Song: Album title track, 'Around The Fur'
Best Ad-Lib: "Wow." Chino after silently watching two cans glide past him, followed shortly after by someone's shoe.
Best Moment: While crowd-surfing, Chino says: "You're not going to take my shoes are you? Oh, you got 'em." He continues in his socks. Sterling.
Worst Moment: When the divisions between songs disappear to create one slab of metalloid noise.
Overall Score: 7/10 *SL*

SELECT
'cos the DRUGS don't WORK

Select's pick of the tracks, the chat and the off-target missiles that kept you singing when you were sinking

Fatboy Slim

Dance Tent, Saturday 8.40pm

With windcheaters and bin-liner insoles replacing the Boutique's usual skimpy dress code, the full range of large-beat-aided dance movement isn't available, but it matters not. Norman eases himself in gently using Beastie Boys and Prince remixes, before eventually taking the soggy massive up from shuffling to restrained freako mode. Not the defining Dance Tent moment expected, but a glimpse of summer nonetheless.

Best Song: The promised opener of 'Rockafeller Skank' fused with The Stones' 'Satisfaction'.

Best Ad-Lib: Inevitably, *"Right about now, the funk-soul brother"* dropped into roughly 80 per cent of all tracks.

Best Moment: Discovering the earlier spray of waste effluent has no residual odour.

Worst Moment: The splash from the many stomping para boots, redistributing the slurry reservoir.

Overall Score: 6/10 *SU*

Lo-Fi Allstars

Dance Tent, Saturday 10.30pm

Big beat proves it can cut it live with huge breaks, gut-vibrating bass noise and an array of moodily fashionable road-builders' coats. The Wrekked Train has ditched his goggles but continues to sing in a snidey way through his nose and, despite a slight weakness for proggy house epics, the Lo-Fi's are tight, know the difference between a live show and a glorified DJ set and almost equal Primal Scream for psychedelic hip hop mentalism.

Best Song: 'Kool Rok Bass'

Best Ad-Lib: A long *"Nyeeerrrr"*, through a Vocoder, over film footage of an overweight ballet dancer.

Best Moment: Realising the annoying whistle posse are dancing in poop.

Worst Moment: Realising you too are dancing in poop.

Overall Score: 7/10 *IH*

Mansun

Pyramid Stage, Saturday 6.10pm

Surprisingly, for a band who change their image more often than most festival-goers change their pants, today Mansun are smart enough to take home to meet your mum. Maybe this latest sartorial switch is the reason for such a static performance. Draper and co seem to perform without acknowledging the fact they have a huge audience waiting for them to do something. Shame they aren't as enthusiastic as the crowd, who valiantly try to pogo while sinking.

Best Song: 'She Makes My Nose Bleed'

Best Ad-Lib: "This is a new song called 'Shotgun'" and "Thanks". Not exactly Nicky Wire material.

Best Moment: 'Wide Open Space' turning into a singalong of communal angst.

Worst Moment: Idiots using fists to try and get half a millimetre closer to the band.

Overall Score: 5/10 *EJ*

Pulp

Pyramid Stage, Sunday 10.30pm

Pulp's substitution for the Roses in '95 saved the day back then, but can they achieve a similar vibes resurrection here? They strike a laudable balance between pop communalism and, aptly, songs about panic attacks – culminating with majestic versions of 'This Is Hardcore' and 'Common People', by which time Pulp's headline status is clearly non-negotiable.

Best Song: 'Sorted For E's And Whizz' – mainly due to all the drug casualties cheering the song's anti-drugs messages.

Best Ad-Lib: "Hmm, put me in a field for three days with mud and rain and I'm gonna need some drugs too."

Best Moment: Jarvis striking a crucifix pose while wearing a flasher's mac.

Worst Moment: The heckling during the lengthy wait for encores: "Hurry up Jarvis, you fucking fat tosser!" Eh?!

Overall Score: 9/10 *IH*

Rocket From The Crypt

Other Stage, Friday 5.50pm

"Last time we were in this country we kicked y'all's ass", booms RFTC's main grease-monkey Speedo. It would appear they have their hearts set on bruising bottoms this time, too – heads are banged as though brain cells were a waste of space. The group are here to preach about rock'n'roll of the old motor-sickle variety. Refusing to be converted is not an option.

Best Song: 'When In Rome (Do The Jerk)'

Best Ad-Lib: Speedo, after inviting punters into the slurry pit in front of the stage: "Just 'cause you dive headfirst in pig shit doesn't mean you're famous."

Best Moment: Parting the crowd to encourage the buffoons in the audience to run and slide.

Worst Moment: Not being able to hear Holly Golightly over the guitars. Girl power has yet to reach redneck Yank rock, it seems.

Overall Score: 8/10 *EJ*

Soundtrack Of Our Lives

Other Stage, Friday 10.15am

Ten days ago, Soundtrack rocked the Hultsfred festival in their native Sweden – headlining *above* Black Sabbath. Something of a comedown then, you'd think, to be first band on here, in driving rain. Perhaps it's because they've not been to bed, but they perform as if it's ten at night. Singer Ebbot leads their Stones-powered blast in a yellow kaftan, with such power that the rain stops. For a minute.

Best Song: Should-be-rock-hit-of-the-summer, 'Instant Repeater 99'

Best Ad-Lib: Ebbot: "Good morning, church, this song's called 'Confrontation Camp'."

Best Moment: Guitarist Mattias' arse solo at the end of 'Mantra Slider' played with his bumbum.

Worst Moment: Ebbot's kaftan billowing up to reveal (uh-oh, here comes breakfast again) expanses of upper thigh.

Overall Score: 8/10 *AP*

Primal Scream

Main Stage, Friday 11.05pm

Last year's rickety Dance Tent set suggested The Vibe may never be theirs again. But tonight they move from torpid beginnings to psychedelic rock brilliance, thick with Anglo-Scottish fitba intrigue.

They start mutedly with four moodier numbers. Only the backdrop images – Elvis, Jerry Lee, riots, etc – seems to keep the crowd awake. But as a beautiful 'Star' is followed by 'Come Together', the magic kicks in, given edge by Bobby G's banter. "So England are through," he taunts. "Well, 4-0 to Argentina I'm saying..."

As the newer songs roll by they're greeted like old favourites, and the 'Screamadelica' selections prompt scenes of frisbee-pupilled glee. A triumph.

Best Song: 'Higher Than The Sun'

Best Ad-Lib: Mani, after the taped message of "kill all hippies": "That's you lot dead then!"

Best Moment: People dancing to 'Kowalski' like it's a house anthem.

Worst Moment: Some knob chucking a bottle of piss, unsteadily side-stepped by Bob.

Overall Score: 9/10 *AP*

Tricky

Pyramid Stage, Saturday 9.10pm

Due to perverse programming, Tricky is sandwiched between good-time merchants Robbie Williams and Blur. So while Tricky's blend of stylish misanthropy might have enlivened the Jazz Stage, right now it hardly fits the ongoing mood of mud-defying abandon. Stalking the stage like a chain-smoking Prince Naseem, Tricky's physical presence is still as compelling as ever, but singing with your back turned to a crowd armed with mud is never a particularly good idea.

Best Song: 'Overcome'

Best Ad-Lib: To be honest, the quips were few and far between.

Best Moment: Three cheers to the plucky punter who spent the whole gig trying to distract Tricky with a laser-pen.

Worst Moment: Tricky screaming *"Tear my eyes out"* for over ten minutes.

Overall Score: 3/10 *JM*

Underworld

Other Stage, Saturday 11pm

"We haven't played on a stage this big for two years," beams Karl Hyde, and with that he quickly enters into the persona of easily excitable hyper-child. He shadow-boxes, tip-toes, sprints and generally hares around the stage as Darren Emerson and Rick Smith forge a heavy alloy of earthy beats and understated latterday prog power. A rare instance of the band being happier to be here than the audience.

Best Song: Re-jigged version of 'Born Slippy' heart-warmingly thrown in despite their normal reluctance to play it.

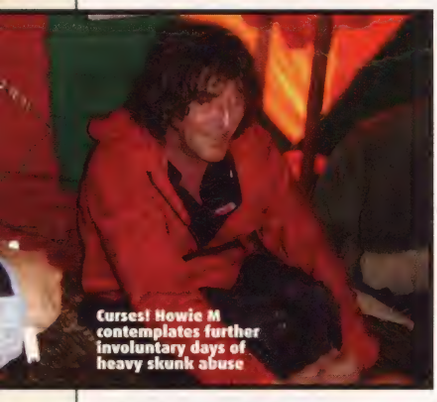
Best Ad-Lib: Karl: "Last time we were here, we got chucked off the site."

Best Moment: The pre-show group hug. Aaaah...

Worst Moment: Technical glitches an hour in, subsequently passed off as 'Art'.

Overall Score: 8/10 *SU*

Talk about a lig in shit! The stars offload their campfire thoughts


Curses! Howie M contemplates further involuntary days of heavy skunk abuse

HOWARD MARKS

TIME: Friday 4.20pm
Cornered in the Ecotrip Tent in the Green Futures Field. Alterna-culture's favourite small businessman had just delivered a talk about... drugs, frankly.
Howard: "I got here on Thursday and did some DJ-ing in the Dacha Tent, which is a little kind of dancey thing out in the mud somewhere. Yes, there is quite a lot of mud here, but, to be honest, I hope it keeps pouring actually. If it rains enough, the road system will collapse and I'll be trapped here. Otherwise I'll have to leave on Saturday morning to go up to Oxford for a reunion at my old college.

"It's been quite nice this year, despite the weather. Last year I was down with a little signing tent for *Mr Nice*. This year, I've brought my daughter Golly here – in a way, it's a little treat thing, cos she's just finished her A-levels."

Interloper: *[the first of many merry callers bringing various cannabis-based tributes to the Ganja Supremo]*: "Here, Howard, would you like to try some of this? I saw you doing a reading at the Ministry Of Sound – it was well wicked. You doing alright? I tell you what, you should definitely check out Hither Green on the New Stage. They're excellent."

H: "I'm looking forward to Primal Scream, mainly. In my opinion they're one of the finest bands and I imagine I'll be having a pretty good time when they play. I first came to Glastonbury in the early '70s. To be honest, I can't remember too much about it – apart from the time when The Grateful Dead played and cast a spell to make the sun come out. Maybe the Scream will do the same this year."

Golly: "I want to see The Chemical Brothers. I'm not sure what other band I want to see. To be honest, I can't really remember... *[Dissolves into beguiling fit of the giggles]*."

H: "Golly's having quite a good time. It's all very nice and relaxed in this tent. I did a reading earlier on about drug prohibition and E-testing. There was a little debate afterwards. Perhaps unsurprisingly, there weren't too many anti-drug arguments being put forward."

Second interloper: "Hi, Howard, I met you at the Oaken Good Times Tent. Do you want to try this – it's a vapouriser bong. *[Sets enormous, sci-fi-styled inhalation device before Howard]*."

H: *[after leisurely toke]*: "Hmmm, I've tried a vapouriser before, but it wasn't quite like this. Yes, very nice. Sit down, guys – I don't think we'll be leaving for a while yet."
ROY WILKINSON

What's the best thing you've done?

CHRISTINE DILLON, 22
"Watching the England match, even though I couldn't see a thing. I only knew we'd scored when everyone started cheering."

JAYNE MIDDLEMISS

TIME: Saturday, 3.45pm
In a rare five minute break from a punishingly tight broadcasting schedule, Britain's favourite Geordie goddess chowed down on a fish-based treat in the BBC catering area.
"I've only seen bits of Headswim and The Catherine Wheel so far. I wanted to go off into the green field to just sit there, but it was absolutely horrible. I was sitting on this piece of tree bark thinking *[tone of weary irony]* 'this is nice'.

"It's too muddy to look at anything. It's completely mad. But I'll see loads tonight: Placebo, Fatboy Slim, and I'll go and see what Robbie Williams is like. It's a disappointment, isn't it? After last year you just couldn't believe it could happen again – I interviewed Michael Eavis and he said, 'We have one of these every ten years'. But he's insisting on wearing shorts and shades this year, bless him.

"To be perfectly honest, I never

Fozzie novice Jayne busy conquering the No-Go Zone >

IAN BROUDIE

TIME: Friday 7.30pm
***Select* joined Britain's favourite purveyor of the footy/rock crossover for England v Colombia. He'd just wrapped up a triumphant set with a thankfully Baddiel and Skinner-free version of 'Three Lions'.**
"I wouldn't have played against the England match. We said ages back that we had to be offstage at least half an hour before the game. It's an incredible feeling when you're Number One and doing Glastonbury before an England game.

"I'm at the point now where I'm so nervous that I'm not going to enjoy the game, there's so much riding on it. The performance against Romania wasn't great. Colombia are one of these teams that if you get a goal behind, then it will be very difficult to get back in the game. They've got a shit defence, so we have to make sure we score. If we get a goal, we could win by two or three."

10 minutes: Somebody in the tent starts singing 'Vin-da-loo'. Broudie seems nonplussed.

19 minutes: Darren Anderton rifles home from a narrow angle. "I can't believe it. I can't believe it. I'm fairly pleased to say the least. I've criticised Anderton in the past, but all is forgiven now."

23 minutes: The crowd in Lens chant *"Football's coming home"*. "I can't describe the feeling I get when I hear them singing that song. I'm actually glad that it's not the official England song. It shows that it's the people's choice."

30 minutes: Beckham's free kick curls in. "Oh my God, I can't speak. It doesn't matter that he didn't play Beckham before, it's all come right."

Half-time: Riley, Broudie's son, breaks out the chocolate footballs and FIFA-approved pastries. "We're playing so well, we could get two more. We have to go all out for attack now, though, rather than playing to their strengths by going defensive.

"All of a sudden they look like a team. I think that's what happens when you're playing in the World Cup. Before, Hoddle was discovering who not to play, rather than finding the right blend of players, but he's got the right team now."

Jimmy Hill's regrettably jingoistic opinions are followed by highlights of the Tunisia-Romania match, which Tunisia are winning 1-0. Chillingly, all the Romanian players have dyed their hair blonde. "If the scores

"Me and me wife and me kids and me band, we're off to the portaloo... Oops, wrong song!" Lightning Ian celebrates Three Lions-centred moment of glory

went to any festivals until last year's Glastonbury. Living in Northumberland there was less of an opportunity *[the screams from Kenickie and their droogs at the next table rise to a shriek worthy of an aviary]*. My first real festival-like experience was seeing Guns'N'Roses in 1987, and that was because I saw every single support act, Soundgarden and two other shit bands. It was ace. Anyway, do you mind if I eat my tuna? I've got to go in four and a half minutes."
IAN HARRISON

Jolly boatman Huey plans night of shirtless tom-tom abandon
ED SIRRS

HUEY FROM FUN LOVIN' CRIMINALS

TIME: Friday 6.30pm
He wasn't playing – Huey was merely at Glastonbury to kick back, sink a few bourbons and keep it real. He succeeded.
"Heheheheh. It's not that bad, man. There's mayhem, of course, but having been in the marines, I figure if you're gonna roll in the mud you got to come down in the proper fatigues. And I've got Che on my shirt because I think that once in a while the people have to take it into their own hands. If you don't like the news make some of your own, do you understand me?

"I'm gonna see Tricky and The Deftones tonight, and maybe I'll go up to that hill over there and play drums in the circle of stones with the crazy people. And I'm told Roger Dean *[legendary '70s prog-rock sleeve artist]* is here in a house he designed, I'd like to see that and maybe go in and see him.

"You see, in America nobody gathers together in large numbers on purpose like this. If it ever happens, it's accidental, like a train crashing or something. Then they have to talk to each other. Which is great, y'know? I've made 14 new friends so far already today! And I gotta go home to London tonight, but, y'know, I could handle this."
IAN HARRISON

ED SIRRS

ED SIRRS

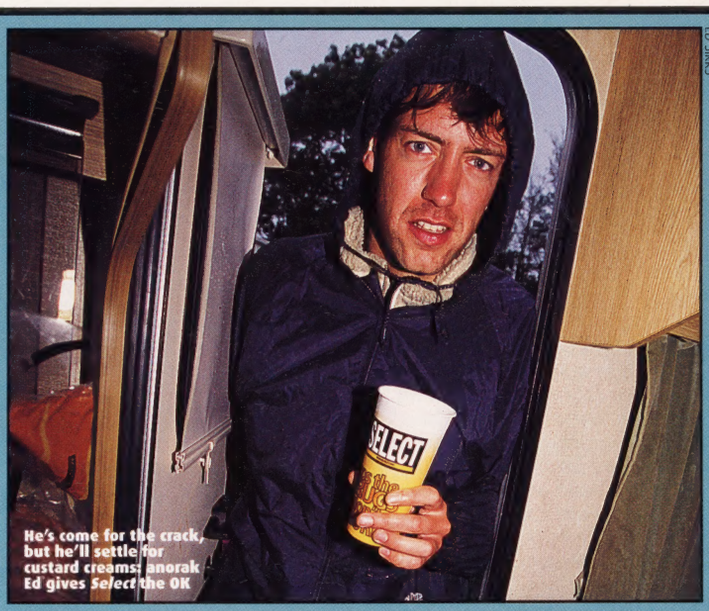
remain like this, we play Croatia. That'd be better than Argentina, as a lot of the Croatian team already play in the Premiership."

65 minutes: People in the tent begin to react to a slight down-turn in England's performance by heavy use of the 'f' and 'c' words, prompting Ian to cover poor Riley's ears. "He's learning lots of new words today," says Ian's wife, Becky.

78 minutes: Colombian striker Ricard nearly scores with an overhead shot. "That's the only shot they've had on target all game. To keep a team like Colombia down to one shot is pretty impressive."

88 minutes: A stunning run from Owen is curtailed by a dreadful challenge from a Colombian defender. "He was just going to poke that in. He should've been sent off, but the referee probably just figured he's going home anyway. Can you imagine being 18 and playing at the World Cup?"

90 minutes: Scenes of tearful joy in the tent are only dampened by the news that Romania have beaten Tunisia, meaning England play Argentina in the next round. "If we play well, we can go all the way. We just have to make sure that our players get over their nerves. We'll have to be great to beat Argentina. If we get through to the final, maybe we'll play a gig in France."
JOHN MULLEN


He's come for the crack, but he'll settle for custard creams: anorak Ed gives *Select* the OK
ED SIRRS

ED O'BRIEN

TIME: Saturday 4.20pm
On the cusp of a downpour, the Radiohead guitarist popped round to a *Select* caravan for tea and sympathy. We gave him a pint and some custard creams.
"Why have I come to Glastonbury? For the crack *(laughs)*. We played last year and, obviously, we didn't enjoy it very much. So this year we got a bit of time off and I thought, 'What better than four gloriously sunny days in the West Country?' Everybody's saying it can't be as bad as last year..."

S: You weren't out amongst it last year, though.

"I wasn't. I was here for six hours *[laughs]*. I'm having a really good time, surprisingly. Honestly, I am. The only thing is, I've got mates out there, and they couldn't get in back here, and they're in tents, and the tents slide away... and they've left. That's a bit bad.

"Am I camping? Sort of *[laughs]*. I've got one of those mobile home things. I've been smoking a bit, seeing a few bands. I saw Gomez on the main stage, who I thought were fantastic. That was really good. I'm going to see them tonight as well. I'm not really one for 'Go and check out the band everybody's talking about'. I like the stuff in the tents.

"Obviously there was the football last night. I listened to it on the radio. It was wicked. Am I going to last the whole distance? I think so. I'm going home on Monday. I hate to sound like a hippy but, walking around, people seem very resilient. The human spirit is pretty strong out there. It's only us bastards back here who moan.

"I am the only Radiohead member down here, yeah. The others talked about coming, but they were checking the weather forecast. Phil might come today, but I was trying to persuade them all. They're far too sensible. They're all back in Oxford.

[It now begins to piss down.]

"This is fucking mad. I'm seriously tempted, if it carries on like this... I'm off tomorrow. Why don't they move it? Can't they move it to July or something? It's because of the Solstice? Yeah, but that's bollocks. No, it is. Bollocks."
JOHN HARRIS

What's the best thing you've done?

ED SIRRS

SOPHIA LOCKWOOD, 16
"Rolf Harris in the Acoustic Tent. What a quality musician! Seeing 'Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport' was magic!"

IAN BROWN

TIME: Friday 8pm
Oh lord. The festival's prize prannet passed up the chance to indulge in friendly badinage and got in a laughable lather about something so silly it barely merits mentioning. Cut out the weed, Ian – you're evidently going bonkers...

Select: *[Clambering aboard tour bus after having been drenched in cross-site trek]* "Hello!"

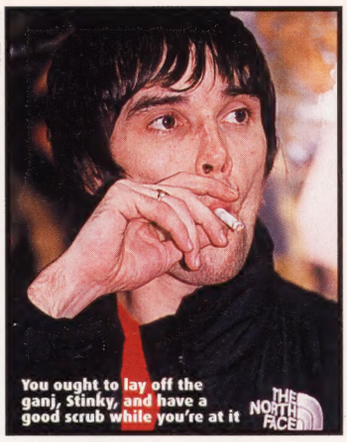
Ian Brown: *[Deadpan]* "What

was all that 'body odour' stuff about?"

S: *[Caught unawares]* "Pardon?"

IB: "You wrote 'Ian Brown's body odour was absent today' *[a recent* Select *Ian Brown feature contains the sentence "His oft-remarked upon manly odour is conspicuous by its absence."]* What was all that about? Are people goin' round sayin' 'Ian Brown's got body odour'?" *[Note that the somewhat more controversial*

ALL ACTION



'Ian Brown: Homophobe' theme of the same article has been completely ignored.]

S: "No, no. We'd had a letter on the letters page that mentioned it, and so we pointed out that it wasn't the case."

IB: "Yeah, but you didn't say that you'd had a letter sayin' that. You made it sound like everyone's goin' round sayin' 'Ian Brown's got BO'."

S: "No I didn't, I said that you *haven't*."

IB: "What were your *exact* words?"

S: "I can't remember, it was three months ago."

IB: "You said 'Ian Brown's body odour was absent today'."

S: "I said you *don't* smell."

IB: "You said 'Ian Brown's body odour was absent *today*' like normally it isn't."

S: "No I didn't. I said that it wasn't the case, that you didn't smell."

IB: *[Face contorts into mask of pure evil]* "So what was that, just a snide joke?"

S: *[Realising futility of reasoning with an idiot]* "No."

IB: "Just a pathetic joke, 'Ian Brown's got BO'?"

S: "It was nothing like that. I'm sorry if you..."

IB: *[With venom usually reserved for John Squire-related outbursts]* "You're a fuckin' dick. Fuck off."

S: "I'm not taking this." *[Walks towards door]*

IB: "Get off me fuckin' bus before I fuckin' throw you off. *[In manner of educationally subnormal six-year-old] You* fuckin' stink."

S: "I'm leaving."

About-to-resign-on-the-spot press officer: "I'm leaving, too."

IB: "Fuck off. You're a fuckin' dick."

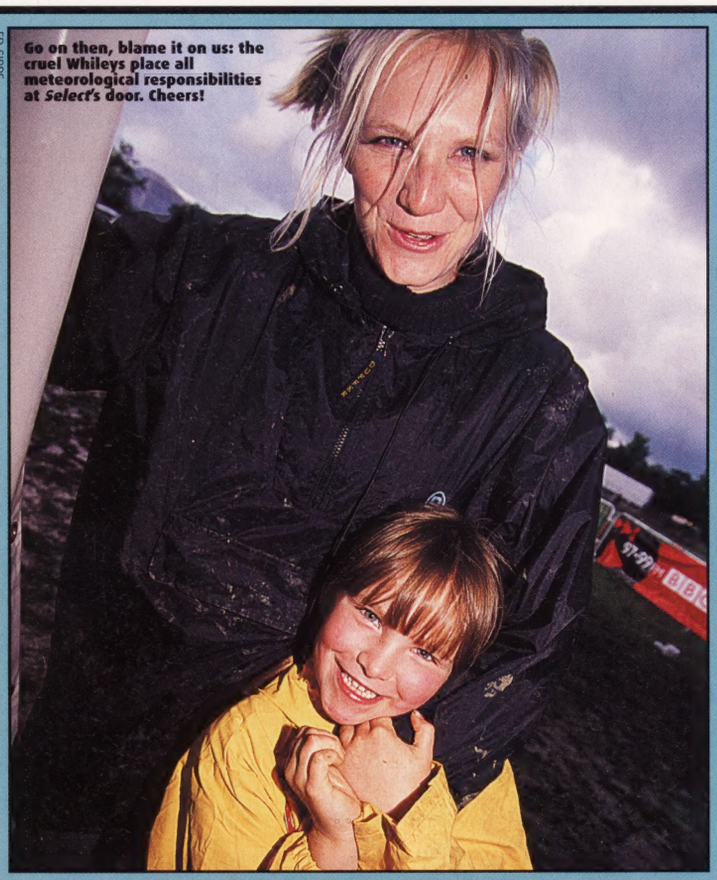
[Exit Select *writer]*

Photographer: So... no photos then?

[Silence. Exit Select *photographer]*

EMMA MORGAN

ED SIRRS



Go on then, blame it on us: the cruel Whileys place all meteorological responsibilities at *Select*'s door. Cheers!

JO WHILEY
(WITH DAUGHTER INDIA)

TIME: Saturday 4.48pm

Just across from Jayne Middlemiss, Jo and India tucked into a shared broccoli and fennel roulade as the festival's worst downpours decisively kicked off. Strangely, they were still smiling.

"I didn't know Bez had been arrested. John Peel was camped by them and said how well-behaved he'd been. John's been giving me piggy-backs around the place where the mud's been too serious. He's a very chivalrous man. Strong, stout and never complains about anything, not even Bez.

"I heard that someone challenged Jake Shillingford to a boxing match *[It was actually* Select's *David Quantick: Jake failed to show at the appointed place and time.]* and apparently Ned Sherrin came down in pink trousers, but I don't know any other gossip because I've just been working since I came down on Thursday, doing programmes.

"I sort of thought it wouldn't be on today – I was laying in my caravan thinking, 'Surely all these tents will be sailing away soon.' I think the weather's *Select*'s fault because it's all been since you got involved. The worst thing about the mud is that it takes so incredibly long to get from stage to stage to see bands. I think they should get a special airlift for busy people who need to get around quickly, don't you?"

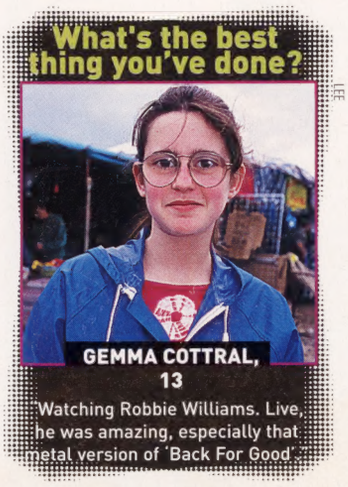
IAN HARRISON

NICK CAVE

TIME: Sunday 6.30pm

Before turning in a big old load of fire and brimstone, West London's most charismatic resident took delivery of a pair of wellies and had a ripping chat.

"Hmm, nice conditions. We've been here for less than an hour and already it seems like a long time. But, as you can see, we've all been equipped with wellingtons for today


What's the best thing you've done?
GEMMA COTTRAL, 13
Watching Robbie Williams. Live, he was amazing, especially that metal version of 'Back For Good'.

LEE

TONY BENNETT

TIME: Sunday 5pm

After a lovingly-received performance on the Pyramid Stage, the world's greatest living crooner was ferried to the *Select* signing tent to meet the people. He was *glowing*.

"It was so wonderful the way the crowd were today. I have it on videotape and I understand there's some wonderful sights there, great faces in the crowd. You know, when people say 'what do you think of the young audience liking you?', I always explain that I've always had a very loyal audience, which I'm very grateful for, but the young people's enthusiasm is so much more than my loyal audience! It makes the show so much better.

"I have a charmed life, you know – it's my 50th year in showbusiness – and to have the young people liking me lifts me right up. I love doing this, I don't feel like retiring at all. Retire to what? After this show we're going to the airport to leave early tomorrow for a jazz festival in

Pretty professional: Nick Cave stays clean

– a first for the Bad Seeds. Our manager selected them and he's done very well, because we all have the right sizes. He's of the old school of rock'n'roll, a forward-thinking fellow.

"What special treats do we have for the audience today? Well, y'know, we'll try and play well and look our best. We're actually trying to do some good shows at these festivals this year. We're doing quite a lot and, normally, festivals don't really count in our book. We rehearsed two days for this one, which is pretty professional behaviour.

"Yes, we have played at Glastonbury before, but I can't remember that much about it. Was that the year with Mudhoney? Or was that Reading? The line-up's really good this year. I want to see just about everybody today. Sonic Youth have already been on, but there's Bob Dylan of course. Bob Dylan is one of my all-time heroes and a man I'm always happy to see play some songs. Even at his worst he's better than most. I wouldn't have minded seeing Tony Bennett,

Imperious Tony B draws a frightening first-hand parallel with the Battle of the Bulge

France. Then I'm going to Italy, where I've been commissioned to paint scenes of Tuscany.

"I guess what happens is people work at jobs that they dread, just to keep their families together. It's such a blessing for me that I do the two things I've always dreamed of doing. It's such an adventure. Is this weather an adventure? This is a first, definitely. The last time I remember conditions like this was when I was in the infantry in France and Germany during the war, heheheh! What I'm proud of is the fact that the people here are so wonderful to show up in this kind of weather for such great causes. It's the loveliest thing, it really is."
IAN HARRISON

but he's been on, too.

"But, not to worry, eh? Pulp are playing after us and they're always worth making the effort for. What else? Oh yes, Dr John – a very good man. It's certainly a good selection as these sort of things go.

"I'm not a big festival person myself – there's always a bit too much straw. So, no, I've never been to a festival for pleasure. Gnnrrarrgh! *[Bellows with irritation as he spies two spots of mud on his otherwise pristine pinstripe suit.]* Do you have like a brush or something? I'm really upset now. Oh no, look, there's some more on my pullover. I guess that'll teach me to wear cashmere to Glastonbury."
ROY WILKINSON

RONI SIZE AND DJ SUV FROM REPRAZENT

TIME: Saturday 9.30pm
Roni and sidekick Suv rested in the Jazzworld beer tent, preparing for a set in the shit-filled dance tent. Not unreasonably, they were apprehensive.

Roni and Suv: worried about their equipment

Roni: "I've been to 10, 15 of these things. Good sun, being able to run around quickly, all good memories. Reprazent got together in Glastonbury '93 in the experimental music field. This year, we've come in at the gate, come straight here and nothing else. I got asked what Reprazent means by a South American reporter as well. I said, 'When you go out and buy a CD, you become a part of something. What are you representing?'"

Suv: "Mud, man."

R: "Last year it got crazy like this but two in a row is a bit hard to swallow when you just want it to be the one and you see all the mud. You just want to enjoy it so much, to be able to sit on the ground and feel the sun on you. It's something you look forward to if you're playing too, playing to a big crowd at Glastonbury. It can be so right. We're still looking forward to playing tonight though: get it on a positive note. We're worried about our equipment – it's been there two days with humidity going into it.

S: "I'm not worrying about anything, man – that's a way to make things go wrong."

R: "No, we have to watch the humidity – makes things temperamental. And I've got to play the Dance Tent tomorrow – I hope that smell's gone. That's coarse, man. I'll have to get a gas mask. Or my mouth-rag *[gets out black hanky]* – I can't stand the fuckin' fumes when I'm downwind."

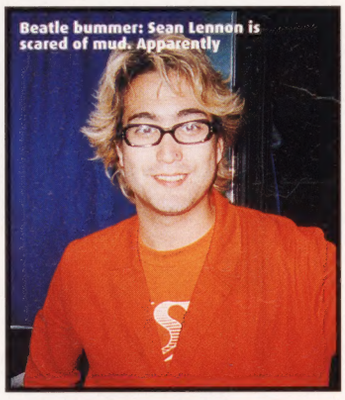
S: "I'm not worrying about anything. We'd deal with it anyway, it doesn't matter what happens. As long as the mics are set up, you can put on a show. No one noticed when we did it last time."
IAN HARRISON

SEAN LENNON

TIME: Sunday 6.10pm
And lo, the festival was blessed by the presence of a Beatlekid...
"This is my first hour in Glastonbury and it's pretty insane. I didn't realise how vast the area was and how many people were here and how involved they would get with the mud. For once I'm feeling very happy to have a bus to retreat to.

"I've played a few outdoor concerts before, like the Tibetan Freedom Concert, but it wasn't anything like this. They don't even have festivals like this in the States. We've got Lollapalooza but that sucks, and all the bands there suck. Here the mud's a bit scary, but in terms of the bands and the kids that turn up it's cool.

"I feel a bit bad for the kids here, though. I fucking hope our music can raise their spirits. I keep thinking that maybe when I was 15 I would've gone through something like this, but now I'm 22 I'm not in the mood to sit in the rain for three days to see some band. I can kind of relate to why people are here though – when you're young there's not much else to do. There's also something fascinating about being here – I like the fact that there are so many cultural islands.



Beatle bummer: Sean Lennon is scared of mud. Apparently

"I'd love to stay and see Sonic Youth and Pulp, but if we waited to leave it would be a fucking nightmare. The transportation is completely unorganised – it's not like they have shuttles running artists back and forth. So I think we have to leave as soon as possible just to make sure we get out of here."
JOHN MULLEN

SAINT ETIENNE

TIME: Saturday 6.30pm
Pete Wiggs and Sarah Cracknell entertained the mob at the Other Stage before a whistle-stop bout of socialising backstage. London, not unreasonably, was calling...
Pete: "I've literally been on the site for two hours – we got here, played, and now we're about to leave. So it seems we won't be getting up to the Green Futures Field this year."

Sarah: "Everyone looked a bit sad when we came on, but then the sun came out and so did the smiles. There was a rainbow there at the end. The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow was our guitarist Dave's head – he's got ginger hair."

Pete: "The one time we played at Glastonbury before, we were on the Main Stage at midday, with people going back as far as you could see. This time we were playing in a more selective area, but we really enjoyed it."

S: "We're not camping. We're staying in a posh hotel in Wells. I love hotels. In fact, I'd like to live in one when I get older – somewhere like the Metropole in London, living in luxury in a penthouse suite like Elaine Stritch. The first time I ever came to Glastonbury was in 1985 or '86. I came down with Felt *[Sarah was once the paramour of former-Felt frontman Lawrence]*. I spent the whole weekend sleeping in my car in the backstage area. Once was enough."

P: "I was never in the Sea Scouts, but I was in the Army – or, rather, the Combined Cadet Force at school. Even camping at Glastonbury couldn't compare to the things that they made us do. I remember trying to sleep in a tent that, literally, had about a foot depth of freezing water in it. It just shows how stupid you can be when you're young. I could have just got out and walked three miles to the nearest town. Instead, I just lay there thinking, 'Oh no, I'm going to die'.

Bob: "Did anyone see Donald Pleasance in the audience when we played today? There was this bloke on someone's shoulders dancing who looked just like Donald."

P: "No, I didn't see that, but I did see two Richard Harrises and a very good Bill Maynard. Still, that's Glastonbury for you."
ROY WILKINSON

What's the best thing you've done?

LEE

GARIK COTTRAL, 11

"What was the best thing? Making it through the mud."

'Et, set, go: St Etienne get in and out, no messing

Let me entertain you!

How one starstruck *Select* journalist became a transvestite Bez

The invitation was so divine that *Select*'s reply was instantaneous. Squat-rave supremos Alabama 3 informed our very own Sam Upton that they'd like him to be their very own Bez at Glastonbury. All he needed was nerve, a fondness for onstage gibbonry, and the willingness to dress up as Dorothy from *The Wizard Of Oz*. "No problem," said Sam. "I tend to do that on Sundays anyway."

So, at 4.20pm on the Sabbath he donned a red gingham frock and pig-tails, borrowed a stetson from vocalist Larry Love and joined them onstage for 'Hypo Full Of Love'. Such was his talent for ad hoc transvestism he was dragged back to raise a left fist for the encore of 'Mao Tse Tung Said'. Imagine Sam's dismay, however, when he realised he was in fact expressing left-ist solidarity with his *right* hand... Doh!

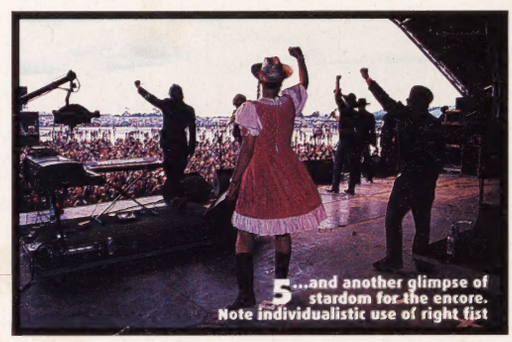
MICK HUTSON

3 A moment of horror as Sam realises his folks often watch BBC2 on Sunday evenings

1 "First night nerves – are you kidding? I do this all the time!" Immediately pre-show, Sam lives up to his ambisexual handle

2 "Hold on, mate, you never mentioned *that* kind of thing..."

4 Sam's worryingly zealous performance earns him even closer attention from, er, the Mountain Of Love...



5 ...and another glimpse of stardom for the encore. Note individualistic use of right fist

Select's Glastonbury coverage was collated on-site by Andrew Perry, John Harris, Andy Fyfe, Neil Burnett, Claire Blake, John Moore, Kirsten Foster, Sarah James, Dave Henderson, Steve Marking, Roy Wilkinson, Ian Harrison, Emma Morgan, Sam Upton, Steve Lowe, John Mullen, David Quantick, Ed Sirrs, RIP, Mick Hutson, Pete Lawson, Lee, Emma Johnston, Caitlin Moran, Katherine Allen, Emma Cheong, Anna Hyde, Tim Daly, Martin Dunphy. Special thanks to Dave Ripp, Julian and Linda from The Plumber's Arms, John and Harry from the press office, Joe Strummer (again) and, of course, Michael and Jean Eavis and all the organisers of Glastonbury '98. No thanks at all to Tricky, Ian 'Stinker' Brown and the Herbal High Big Top for their crap, all-night trance music

gaialive
the original internet dance radio station
www.gaialive.co.uk

Carlsberg Export

Probably

THE BEST FESTIVAL IN THE WORLD

SELECT
MAGAZINE